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G R E A T N E W S

F R O M

H E L L,

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GREAT NEWS

FROM

L. L. H.



W. & A. G.



G R E A T N E W S
F R O M
H E L L,
O R T H E
D E V I L F O I L ' D
B Y
B E S S W E A T H E R B Y .

In a Letter from the late CELEBRATED

Miss BETSY WEMYSS,
The little SQUINTING VENUS, K

To the no less CELEBRATED

Miss LUCY C - - - - R.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILLIAMS, on *Ludgate-hill* ;

And Sold by

J. DIXWELL, in *St. Martin's Lane*, near *Charing-Cross*.

Price One Shilling, 1760.

GREAT NEWS

FROM

H E L L

OR THE

DEVIL FOLD

BESS WEATHERBY

in the last Chapter



Mrs WEMYSS

The late Countess of

to the last Chapter

Mrs LUCY C

L O W D O N

Printed for J. Williams, on Ludgate-hill

And sold by

J. Dineen, at St. Martin's Lane, near Chancery Lane

Price One Shilling 1700



G R E A T N E W S
F R O M
H E L L,
O R T H E
D E V I L O U T D O N E
B Y
B E S S W E A T H E R B Y, &c. &c.

In a LETTER to

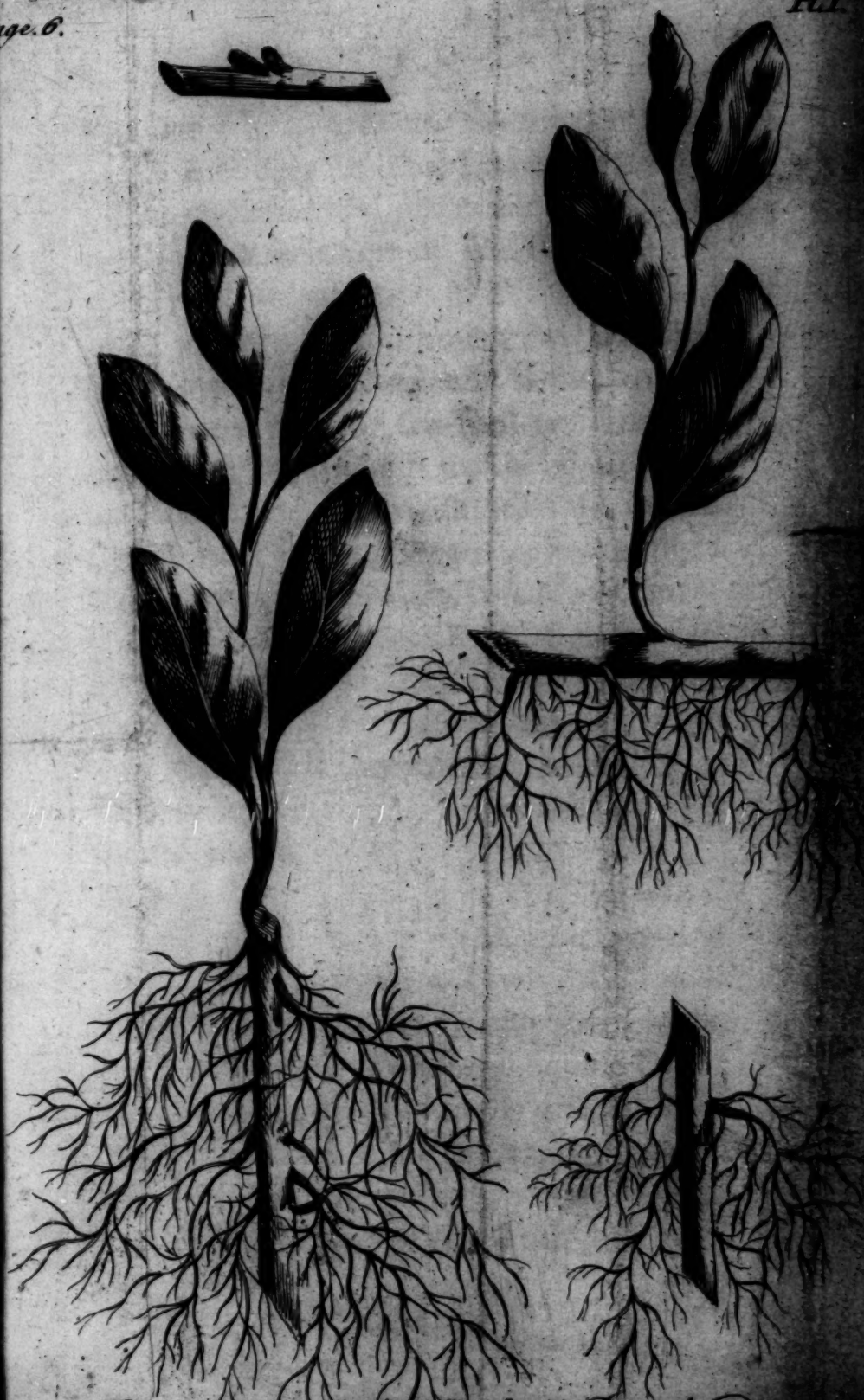
L U C Y C - - - R.

DEAR LUCY,

***** WAS never more surprized at a
* I * Disappointment, than I was at
***** my Arrival here. According to
the Situation of Things, I do not find
much Difference between Hell and Earth;
I

I mean that Part of it I most frequented, called *Covent-Garden*: I lived a Hell of a Life before I came here; and *now*, you may be sure, I cannot live any other. Indeed we are divested of all *hope* of ever being *better*; and *worse* we *cannot* be; therefore we endeavour to make the best of a bad Bargain: I do not think at present, the Place where I am is any Degree hotter than the Meridian of *Covent-Garden*, as I feel my Body of the same Heat as it used to be in the other World, by the Assistance of Brandy and Madeira.

The wise and learned you know, have had many Disputes, in Relation to their different Opinions of Hell; each of them, at times, has devised a Hell of his own: Perhaps there may be a Plurality of Hells. For I am sure *I* never dreamt, no more than *you* do, *Lucy*, of such a one as *this*; it is a hellish Place indeed, for I can find little other Company in it, than those of our own Stamp among the Females, and such as constitute the Generality of our Acquaintance among the Males. Players, Jews, Pimps, Bawds, Whores, Whore-masters, and



Propagation by the Bud and by the Branch



and Gamesters, make up the principal Part of the Assembly ; so that I have great Reason to imagine it a place selected almost entirely for such Sort of Characters.

The greatest Punishment we undergo is, that we must absolutely persist in our old Crimes without the least possibility of ever amending, which makes us the more anxious to be otherwise: this is indeed Punishment enough, for we are *now* obliged to act against our Wills, *what*, on Earth, we used to do voluntarily, and *then* call'd *Pleasure*.—But the Decree is irrecoverable, and we must perforce continue in it; so that Medeira is become as nauseous as Poison, and Whoring as painful as a Fit of the Gout.

I who used, during my *Hark-away-days* above stairs, to swallow down a Gallon of Wine, at least, in the twenty four Hours, am now obliged to perform double Duty; and though it puts me to the greatest Torture imaginable, must drink *two* Gallons, for every *one*, I drank in the other World. I am obliged likewise to submit to Prostitution

tution twice here, for every single Time I did there; which, indeed *Lucy*, is hardly supportable: You, perhaps, who are as fond of it as any Woman well can be, would think it a *damn'd* Hardship.

The Devil himself acts as Master of the Ceremonies, being doom'd to see these hellish Rites performed in due infernal Order. —He, according to the Proverb, is a good natur'd Devil enough when he's pleas'd, but that's so seldom, that we have very few Opportunities of seeing him in a tolerable Humour: However, some of the Knowing-ones, who have formerly resided about the *Garden*, have got the length of his cloven Foot, and find ways to come over the Old One now and then; we then enjoy some little Suspension from Duty; tho' this, in the End, serves but to heighten our Misery, for we soon begin to reflect on the *Happiness* we should enjoy by an *eternal* Cessation from Wickedness; and then we become infinitely more miserable than when we are kept close to our *Drudgery*: Because, at those times, our Situation of Riot and Debauchery, prevent

vent us from reflecting at all : So that I fear our frequent Desires for a Suspension from our hellish Duty, is implanted in us, as an Addition to our Tortures : And that Lucifer grants it, not as a Favour, but a Punishment.

As there are many Ladies of our Function here, there must consequently be great Quantities of *Fire* and *Brimstone* ; but as to any other Sort, I have, as yet, seen none. — We find no other Tortures than the *Repetition* of *Excess*, and we experience that the Extremity of what we *once* called *Pleasure*, is the most intense *Pain* ; but as on Earth those who are in great Distress are willing to put the best Face on the Matter, so we endeavour, in some Measure, to baffle it by any Means we can contrive : Some indeed are grown, as it were, case-hardened by frequent Repetition, and, like Iron or Steel, can bear the Heat of the Forge, and the Stroke of the Hammer, without any *external* Signs of Feeling.

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As the *Vices* of Drinking, Whoring, &c. are here in the highest Perfection, undoubtedly I made no small Figure at my Arrival. I found my Name and Character, [and yours too, I assure you *Lucy*, makes no small eclat] had reached this Place some Years before. To be sure I was something fearful when I left you, and my old Friends *Joe* and *Bess W—th—by*, whether I should meet with any body I knew in this Place; but how was I mistaken! The People were immediately as familiar with me as if I had been an Inhabitant of many Years standing. They knew, which I thought was something odd, that I was set off on my Journey, and expected me the very Instant I came.—Long before I landed, I perceived vast Numbers of Characters on the Shore, huzzaing, hollowing, and hooting, like mad things.

Old *Charon*, a faucy old Thief, because he said he knew my Profession, would have fallen aboard *Me*, as soon as I was aboard his *Boat*—Why you old Rascal, says I, I am Meat for your Master; let us have none

none of your Gigg with me; but the Scotndrel was so violent, that I took up one of his Oars and would have knocked him over board into the *Styx*. Why sure, continues I, I do not understand such Fellows as you taking Liberties! This, in a great Measure, bothered the old Fellow, and he resumed his Oars and began to pull away with some Spirit; upon which I took a Bottle of Brandy out of the Steerage of the Boat, and gave him a hearty Dram by way of Encouragement.

The highest of the Fun was, as soon as I arrived on the Shore they saluted me with a Stave or two, of the old Song, “*To W——y’s we’ll Steer*”——Ha! what *Betsy*! Says one.—What, are you come says another?——What, my little Squinting Venus says a third! In short, every body accosted me with as much Familiarity as if I had droped as usual into the *Shakespear*, the *Rose*, or the *Ben Johnson’s*.

Several that well knew me, got about me, whom I now faintly remembered to
 61 have

have seen long before I had any Notion of leaving the *Garden*; some of them had been my close Devotees, and others my more distant Admirers. These poor Wretches had droped off, unheard of and untalked of, while I had scarcely time, in the Round of my tumultuous gayer Scenes, to reflect on what was become of them. Nor did I recollect till I saw them again, that I ever missed them: such my dear *Lucy*, are the Impressions these extravagant *Gulls* make on the Affections of Women like us.

An old battered Beau made his Way through the Crowd to me, and began to tell me a long Story about my bilking him of a Bank Note at the *Rose*, and upbraided me for leaving him asleep, and going off with a young Collegian;—Faith, says I, I never burthen my Memory with such Trifles, so, Sir, your humble Servant: With that the old Gentleman turned about upon his Heel, gave me a Damn in Piano, and walked off.

A grave elderly Gentleman, formerly a Factor near the *Royal Exchange* came up
to

to me, and giving me a Squeeze by the Hand, cries out, Ha *Betsy* ! how do they all do at the old Shop ? Why, faith, says I, I believe the old ones are coming here as fast as they can ; for I left them but *so so*. Ah, returns he, shaking his Head, many a Bottle have we cracked together at *Joe's* !— I remembered him, *Lucy*, extremely well, the very Person whom you, and I, have often talked of, that introduced me to his own Wife, as the Sister of one of his Correspondents at *Dublin* ; 'till after about Six Week's Lodging and Board in the Family, upon some little Familiarities between us, his Spouse grew Jealous, and I was obliged to make a sham Retreat to my own Country. We laughed heartily together about some particular Circumstances, during our Intimacy, and he would have renewed the Acquaintance, but I thought proper to decline it.

Then came a Group of Bucks and Jem-mies, who all claimed Acquaintance with me. Just as if I was obliged to remember every Fool that had treated me with a Bottle of Wine or a Supper !—Why, Lord,
says

says I, I had forgot half the Rakes who intrigued with me, long enough before I came from the other World! for I could not find, my dear *Lucy*, that it would answer any reasonable Purpose to renew their Acquaintance here—So I began my old Rig, and gave them such a *Pateraro* as brought the Devil himself to the Gate. His Hellish Majesty, who was well acquainted with my Life, Opinions, and Adventures, welcomed me in, and told me, he was glad he had got me at last, for he was so cloy'd with stale Meat that he had turned off his old Doxy, and if I chose it, would make me Queen of Hell—A Queen, thought I, that's something to be sure!—But as I, like the rest of my Profession, always had the greatest Aversion to a good Offer, I snapped my Fingers in his Face, and told him he was an *old Black* for his Pains, and tipped him such a Volley of new coined Oaths, that made him retreat with some Precipitation.

Three *Irish* Fortune-hunters who, sometime ago, used to cut no small Flash about the *Garden*, came up to me.—O, 'sblood
and

and Ownds, says one of them, but you are not at *W—th—rby's* now, so you must mind your Hits, for if the Devil should be after turning you out here, you won't find it such an easy Matter to get in again.—O now Mr. *Mac Kelley*, says I, what you came here to get rid of your national Debts for the Benefit of your Creditors, did you? Flummery to your Eye, but you must not be after talking to *me*; because why, I know the Country as well as yourselves Joys.—O you B—tch of *Babylon*, says another, I knew you in *Ireland*, when you was glad to pig with a Carr-Boy for a Cut of Bread and a Drink of Beer; do not you remember the Time when you was drum'd out of *****s Regiment for ***ing all the Soldiers—Get out Beggars, said I, you was obliged to be hanged before you came here, by way of Recommendation. After some farther Pieces of Altercation, I made them sheer off; when a lately defunct Pimp, attacked me for two Pounds, that I owed him for private Services. Why you foolish Black-guard, says I, what do you think I have brought any Money here with me—I was obliged

obliged to have all my Household Goods, Plate, and China, sold by auction to retreat with a good Name; and if *N—d S—* the Comedian had not paid high for some Trinkets of mine, for his *N—cy D—f—n*, I should never have got a sufficient Remittance to defray my Passage hither. Besides, you do not think I came here to be troubled with Debts commenced above Stairs, do ye? With that the pittiful dirty Fellow scratched his Head and sneaked off in a Hurry.

I next saw an old Suitor of mine, who you cannot forget, *Lucy*; he used very often to sup with me in the little Room behind the Bar at *Weatherby's*, and would now and then take me on a little Excursion for a Week or so, to *Hampton-Court*, *Windsor*, or *Tunbridge*. His Deportment was of a more than ordinary grave Cast, and the Longitude of his Visage seemed to import something widely different from those Sort of Creatures, that commonly flutter about Women of our Profession; we were a long time, you know, puzzled to find out who, and what he was; till one Morning,
upon

upon our drunken Rambles we pop'd into a certain methodist Conventicle, and saw my Spark mounted aloft in a Rostrum, raving and bellowing like a mad Ox, to about Threescore old decrepid Men and Women, who were humming and turning up their Eyes at his pious Ejaculations, with all the Devotion imaginable.

The Subject of his Discourse I remember, was upon Purity of Heart, [a very pretty Creature to handle a Subject of this Sort ;] he very often, to convey his strong Idea of Purity, made use of the compound Expressions *Milk-white-Righteousness*, *Sky-tinctured Piety*, *Dove-coloured Goodness*, &c. In endeavouring to shew the Necessity of what he called *Saving Faith*, he said it was as much impossible for a good Christian to live without it, as it was for a Fish to live upon Treacle (a charming Simile indeed!) and in exhorting his long chin'd Congregation to Repentance, he bid them be always ready, for who knows, says he, but the *Day* of J-dgm-nt may come to *Night*. This you may remember we took notice of as a very mas-

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terly

terly Stroke indeed, and could not help laughing out in such a Manner, that the poor old Folks got up from their Seats to take a Survey of us; but we retreated into a dark Corner, where we sat as snug as could be, till his Harangue was over.

I have often laughed heartily to myself, when I think how poor Wretches are gulled by these sort of Fellows; for in short, their whole Sermons are composed of a Repetition of the same Words: Damnation, Self-justification, Regeneration, and Salvation, over and over again, make up the whole of their Discourses; but notwithstanding all their pretended Piety, I found many of the Flock, with their pious Pastors, who were not only sent here as Hypocrites, but for Whoring and Drinking also; among which was my demure Amoroso, with at least a hundred an fifty Men and Women of his own Tribe, both old and young, who were reviling, beating, and buffeting him about for bringing them *here*, instead of a better Place.—Aye, ye old Rascal, cries an antient hagged Virago, you always told us we might do
what

what we would, for F--th would save us—
 When I gave you my Experience, did not
 I tell you, I had been a great Dram-drinker,
 and that I once loved Gin better than
 the Word, did you not tell me, that I
 was one of the Elect? Did I not rob
 my Husband of his daily Earnings to give
 to you?—Did I not turn my poor Daugh-
 ter and her two Children out of Doors to
 shelter you, when you first came out of
 the Country a poor *Thatcher*? Did I not
 make a Gathering among my poor cre-
 dulous Acquaintance, to support you in
 the Great Work as you called it?—Ah,
 d—n your Great Work and you too—Did
 I not pawn all my best Customer's Linen,
 and swore I had been robbed of it, to help
 to build you a T-b-rn-cle? nay more, did
 I not make poor *Goody Soapwell* and Neigh-
 bour *Blueragg* do the same?—Did you not
 say Heaven would reward us an Hundred
 Fold?—Ha, you old Rascal—Did'nt you
 persuade me to Cuckold my Husband,
 poor Soul, because he was not of the Flock?
 —Did I not break his poor Heart with
 ill Usage at your Instigation?—Did I not

help you into several good Families that I washed for, and told them what a good, what a pious Creature you was? And after all this, when I thought I was a good Christian, to be plumpt into H-ll! O you Villain! I will tear your Eyes out!" With that she fell aboard of him in such a Fury, and began so to ply her Talons upon his meagre Face, that the poor Wretch ran from one End of Hell to the other, with the whole Throng at his Heels, some hoōting and pelting him, and getting a Knock at him at every Opportunity, till at last quite out of Breath, he fell down, and several of the softer Sex, tho' by Time and Experience, pretty well hardened, got alternately astride him, and flogged him severely with Rods, not unlike what we call Stinging Nettles. This was the highest Fun imaginable, not only to them but every Body else: At last, to crown the whole, they, one by one, emptied their natural Urinals upon him, insomuch that he was almost drowned, or rather suffocated, with the Stench of the Effluvia.

This

This I found was the common Punishment he went thro' every Day for his Hypocrisy, by deceiving those, whose Credulity and Ignorance had rendered them proper Objects to embrace his Doctrine; he was now obliged to bear whatever Revenge they thought proper to put in Execution, without any Possibility of putting an End to it.

You may also remember, (for he was the next who accosted me) a Gentleman of a Saffron Hue, black Eye-brows, and a very prominent Nose, who was for some Time one of my constant Cullies. For tho' he was, perhaps, as great a Miser, as e'er a Stock-jobber among the Tribes of *Israel*, yet he could not by any Means conquer his excessive Passion for a Woman; but such was his Misfortune, that his Figure rendered him so thoroughly contemptible to the Generality of the Sex, that, notwithstanding all his Wealth, there was hardly one Girl in a Hundred, that would prostitute herself to his Embraces. But I, who was not so extremely delicate

in

in my Sparks, provided they could come down handsomely, made no Objection to his Company : We pranced about from one Place to another, and he was as proud of the Honour I did him, as if I had been a Lady of the first Quality.—What between his Fondness for Intriguing, and fretting about the Money it cost him to support it, he died about two Years before my Arrival here.—It was my ill Luck to light of him among the Rest.—“ O my tear Petfy, says he, fat vas you come hider, to seek a me ? Vas de Monies scarce in de Varld abose ? Vere is my Vatch and my Gold-shaine, you pick out of my Fopps, you little Shade, eh ? Vere be de Lotterie Dickets and de Pank Notes, dat you hafe of me vin you vas come to me vin all de Marchands vas upon de Shange ?” —Poor *Skylock*, says I, What cannot you forgive me yet ? And patting him under the Chin, come give me a Kiss, and make it all up. “ Out; out you Pische, says he, you tam’t Pische ! You be a Pische of Papilon ! You say I vas a Negro, I make my Money my Got, and pring me to de De-fil ; O you are a Fickedness Omans. Fat is

is *M-f-s* a Liar? Fat is *A-r-n* a Liar? Fat is the Children of *Israel* a Liar? that I must come to shite a Place as dis? I peliefed in *M-f-s* and in *A-r-n* too, dey would hafe saft me, if I had not kept de Company vid such Christians as you be, you make a me tell Lies, you make a me swear, you make a me drink myself drunk, and sheat me of my Monies; den I vas opliged to sheat mine Broders and mine Sisters too, mine Fader and my Moder, I sheat de high Priest, I run away vid de Monies of de Syn-g-gue dat vas put in my Hands. I played de Defil thro' you and am now come to de Difil for you.—Well now, pray Mr. Girgashite, says I, have you had your Say out, If you have, I think I may begin.—What, and so you pretend to lay all the Blame of your D-ma-t-on upon me, because I suppose you have attempted to act a Bit of Flash here, among them who know no better.—Ye poor stingy circumcised Rascal, I could never squeeze above a Guinea at a Time, out your Purse, and then it came from you like Drops of Blood, from your Heart: have not I sent
to

to you Time after Time, when I have been bummed, and never could make you pay a Debt of above two Guineas or so?—D—n such Culls, I say, only think of such a Wretch as you pretending to keep a fine Woman; why, you dirty Scoundrel, you have had Pleasure enough with me, to make all other Misery trifling, tho' it last forever. What the Devil do you grumble to be d——'d upon my account?—Why I have d——'d some of the best Souls in the Kingdom of *England*, and *Ireland* too.—I think nothing of such a poor Creature as you; go skulk into a Corner and hide your ugly Muns, for I wish I may be five and fifty Times more d——'d than I am, if I ever saw such a Face as yours among the wild Beasts at *Barth'lmey Fair*." While I was thus be-labouring this Son of *M-f-s*, he stood motionless, till at the last Stroke, he endeavoured, but in vain, to spit in my Face; upon which I fell aboard him, and exercised the Faculties of my Teeth and Nails upon him, to such a Degree, that he cried out for Quarter in a hurry. Several of the *Mosaic* Tribe who saw their Brother in this pitiful Plight,

Plight, were determined if possible to resent the Insult, and would have taken him out of my Hands, but I was of the strongest Side; the Christians here were too numerous for the Jews, who were obliged to retreat with some Precipitation, terribly battered in the Rear.

After the Storm was over, I was accosted by two Players: These being Objects of some Conversation, I sat down with them, and they began to interrogate me in relation to Theatrical Affairs, and how I left them—O says I, there's nothing goes down now at one House, but *Mackheath* and *Polly*—the old Story over again—I'm as sick as a Dog of it, they have chewed the stale Quid so long, there's neither Strength nor Goodness in it—yet there's a full House every time it's acted.—Why, what the Duce can be the Reason of all this? Quoth they. “ Indeed Gentlemen, says I, nothing more than a new *Polly*—but she out-sings all the *English* Singers that ever sung; yet, according to the Opinion of the Town, which is to be sure very happy for the Lady, but no great Proof of true Taste in the
D Town

Town—all the fine Singing in the World, cannot make amends for the want of Novelty and Invention, in my poor Judgment.—O, I beg your Pardon Gents, I had like to have forgot something very material: A Lady of distinguished Character and Reputation, well known in the upper World for her Chastity, as well as myself, tickles them to a Miracle with an old Horn-pipe, in the Character of *Black Bess*; this, if you will believe some Folks, is all that's truly meritorious in the whole Opera, so you may easily guess what sort of Stuff will go down now a days." 'Tis indeed surprizing, says one! Very credible, quoth the other—But how do they order Matters at the other House? Why, Sir, replied I, notwithstanding the Spirit and Fire of Mr. G——k, his choice of fine Plays, two new Farces,* and an original Comedy of three Acts, which in the Opinion of many judicious People, are the best of the Kind ever wrote; yet the *Begar's Opera* still reigns triumphant, and I don't doubt but the Managers of *Drury-Lane Theatre* will next Season be forced to the Necessity of

* *High Life below Stairs, Love A-la-mode, and the Way to keep him.*

of bringing out a new *Polly* there, in order to keep even with those of *Covent-Garden*.

We have, quoth one of these theatrical Geniusses, a Playhouse here, but there is no Management in it ; the Manager himself is like a certain one above Stairs ; so indolent, and wanting in Point of Penetration, that he has suffered whole Entertainments, of the Pantomime Kind, to lay by him for thirty or forty Years, and has never brought them out ; perhaps never will : He is so unwilling to try the Success of a new Piece, that whoever brings him one is sure never to see it performed. He has been often known to keep the Manuscript of a Play by him seven or eight Years, and at last has returned it the Author unread. He is so extremely happy in his Judgment, that he never takes the Trouble to examine a Piece throughout, but determines by the first or second Line all the Merit comprised in the whole. This extraordinary Gift is of great Service to him as a Manager, for to examine strictly every Manuscript-Play that is brought to him, he would soon be inca-

pable of managing even his own private Affairs, much more those that have already engaged the Attention of the Public. Our Manager, tho' truly insignificant as an Individual, is very fond of seeming important in his Character. For which Reason he has every Morning a Levee of young People, theatrically inclin'd, who are full of Expectation, from his Promises, to shine in some Part or other. These he will order to get off several different Characters, which, when they have done, instead of coming to the main Point, he every Morning entertains them with some idle Chat or other : His pretty little Hell-cats engross the major Part of the Conversation ; till all of a sudden, pretended Business calls him within the Playhouse ; and then he leaves them unheard, and abashed with Disappointment. Sometimes indeed, he takes it into his Head to hear them rehearse a Character several Times. He then promises, that when the Play is performed, no one else shall act the Part. On this they rely ; till in one of their constant Morning Walks to the Manager, they are struck dumb,

dumb, for a while, with beholding another Person's Name in the Bill. They fly to him with Remonstrances ; but they have no more Effect than Peas would have, shot from a Pop-gun, against the Walls of a Fortification ; for all his Answer is (taking at the same Time a Pinch of Rappee) “ *Why Mr. or Ma'am, I never intended you should do it ; I gave it the other Party a Month ago.*” Now and then, however, he *does* permit a new Actor to make his Appearance ; but then it is upon Consideration of the Party's having been tutored by *him*. He is so ridiculously ignorant as to make it an invariable Rule, that the Accent should *always* be laid upon the Substantive : Or, as he sometimes more learnedly phrases it, the *Accent* upon the *Emphasis*. If his Scholar punctually follows his Rules, he is sure to be damn'd by the Audience for his Ignorance ; and if he refuses to follow it, he is instantly rejected by Mr. Manager.— If (as some indeed have so deceived him) they humour his Fancy, so as to receive his Instructions, and yet upon the Stage act the Part *as it ought to be*, they are sure to be

be discarded by their theatrical Tutor ; or at least (in the Language of the Play-house) thrown upon the Shelf ; notwithstanding they may have received the most universal Peals of Applause from the Spectators. “ He would not give a Pinch of Snuff for the Opinion of the Town : *Damn 'em, they have no Taste, no Judgement.*”

There are no Persons, continued he, upon our Stage of any considerable Salary, but what are more capable of Flattery than they are of Acting. Extravagant Wages have been given to those who perhaps never said any other Words than “ Lord, Sir, I admire your Taste—Your Judgment is amazing—You have such Elegance in your Discourse—Such Force in your Arguments—and such Dignity in your Expression !” These are the Persons who thrive most with us, while Men who are above such Meanesses are put upon the vilest Parts, after innumerable Difficulties to get on. The Performers of the upper Cast of Characters, are most of them either strongly recommended, or rather forced upon

upon the Manager's Hands by Persons of Quality or Power. These know well how to gulp down Managerical Follies, and, by their little Arts and Subtilty, are so well versed in Adulation, that instead of just Contempt and Aversion, they can at any Time express the highest Praise and Commendation. We have a very clever Fellow of a Candle-snuffer, who has equal Merit with the first Actor; but the Fellow is poor, and has not a Friend who can be of the least Service to him in Point of Preferment. Our principle Actresses too, who bears the greatest Sway here, and whenever she plays, fills the House as full as it can hold, is always sure to be indisposed, or out of the Way, when the Benefits come on.—Yet notwithstanding this, she is greatly caressed by all the People of Quality, tho' heartily cursed by every one of her own Profession.

Come, come, says the other, you are too satyrical; the Woman's well enough; and at any Time will promise to do a Part for the Benefit of an inferior Actor: Nor
do

do I doubt but when she promises intends to perform.—A Wheel within a Wheel, as the Saying is.—The Fault you ascribe to her may be the Manager's ; who, for certain Ends, finds it necessary, that we Underlings should not get too much Money ; for provided we did, we might grow saucy, and insist upon an Augmentation of our Salaries, which is almost as bad as Stand and Deliver, to a Managerical Ear. In short, there are so many Schemes and Tricks among 'em, that I must confess they entirely defeat all my poor Knowledge.

A Man may as well (he rejoin'd) seek a Livelihood on the Deserts of *Arabia* as on our Stage, unless his Character has been truly notorious in t'other World ; and then he is sure to make what they call a *Striking* Actor, and must inevitably succeed both with the Manager and the Populace. A plain Whoremonger or Drunkard signifies little or nothing here. He that would rise to Eminence in the Profession of a Player, must have done some capital Action. He must have run away
with



Propagation by the Root



with a Silver Tankard, cut a Portman-teau from behind a Coach, pushed out a Man's Eye, or committed a Murder, or so. —These are the Players that bring great Houses, that can command the Town, that can insist upon great Salaries, and keep a Manager at Bay.—But if a Man is so unfortunate as to be neither a Thief nor a Murderer, he can never do any Thing extraordinary here as an Actor.

Such is the Nature of a Hellish Audience, that they never think one Jot about the Reputation of a Player, provided they can find any Sort of Entertainment in him that gives them Pleasure ; they entirely seek their own Delight, and it is indifferent to them, whether the Person who pleases them is an honest Fellow, or a downright Villain ; so as they can but laugh : To be sure, of the two, they seem rather to give the Preference to him, who is most eminent for his Roguery ; for which Reason, many Persons of meek and diffident Dispositions, tho' Men of real Learning and Genius, are laid upon the Shelf, as we call it, and scarcely ever

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appear,

appear, but in the Character of a dumb Footman or a dumb Alderman.

He concluded ; when the other, with a good deal of Warmth, began. Madam, says he, such is the Sincerity of one Actor to another, that while one has been upon the Stage playing his Part, I have known three or four others get together at the Side-Wings, railing and cutting him up in every Word and Action ; but as soon as he has come off, they have met him with all the Deceit imaginable ; have took him by the Hand, with a “ Bravo, my dear Sir !—Faith, you spoke the last Speech finely.—You quite conceive your Character !” The Compliment is then turned upon the Gullers, who have immediately a Suit commenced of the same Kind against them : So that between one and another, they are alternately gulling and gull’d, as Occasion or Interest requires. Thus every Man’s Business is to mind his Hits in these critical Points, meer Acting now-a-days is the least Essential in a Player.—But yet—

Not-

Notwithstanding all this Inequality among the Actors, and all *our* Manager's Want of Penetration, Judgment and Af-fiduity, such the Nature of *our* Auditors, that they must not be impos'd upon for above three Nights together at most, with any Thing, even of the first Rank in dramatic Entertainment, without it is quite new. But as to Dancing a Hornpipe, I'm pretty sure, it would never be suffer'd on *our* Stage, every Thing of that Kind being looked upon beneath the Dignity of a Theatre.

They had scarcely concluded, when an Emissary from the Prompter came to call them to Rehearsal; upon which they took their Leaves, and begged the Fa-vour of my Company some other Time; which, with a great deal of Pleasure, I promised them, as they were the only agreeable Persons I had met with in these Regions.

When I afterwards reflected upon their Occupation, I was the more amazed at their good Sense and easy Behaviour.

Thought I, I have been much among these Sort of People, and never yet heard a witty or a sensible Thing come out of their Mouths; but what was quoted from some Author or other: They are, in common, meer Magpies and Parrots, incapable of saying any Thing but what is taught them, for which Reason I was the more sensibly struck, especially as both of them were entirely divested of the least Affectation; a very striking external of most Actors, and by which they are as easily distinguished as Taylors are by their Waddle.

Thus, triumphant, I reigned absolute, without a Rival. *Lucifer* himself was afraid to attack me; but at length, according to my Expectations, I was superseded by the Arrival of my old Friend *B-s W--ib--by*. As soon as it was positively known that she was upon her Passage hither, there was the Devil to pay; for *Lucifer* swore she was no common Guest; and that he would receive her with no small Marks of his Esteem. From all Quarters of his Territories, the People flocked innumerable to behold, one, whose Fame in Hell, was

was much superior to what it ever was in *Covent-Garden*. A high Festival was proclaimed by the Heralds of *Lucifer*, and the Day was appointed for her public Entry thro' the infernal Regions. Six d-mn-d, or rather double damned Poets, (for they had all been damned above Stairs, long enough before they came here) were ordered by *Lucifer*, to write an Ode in her Praise, to be sung by the Harpies and Furies; and all the Splendor and Equipage of the lower World, was ransacked to make the Jubilee truly compleat.

As soon as she arrived on the infernal Shore, *Lucifer* himself, with his Train of *Black Guards*, went forth to congratulate her, and upon the first Sight of her, broke out into the following Eulogium. —

“ Hail Paragon of Infamy! Supreme Mis-
 “ leader, Hail! Thou who best knows the
 “ Arts that fill these Realms! Destruc-
 “ tion's surest Guide! Thrice welcome
 “ thou, who best can fill the Chair of
 “ State infernal; My Doom is fixed; and
 “ I must be Hell's King! Thou therefore
 shall

“ shall be Queen! Sound then, ye loudest
 “ Instruments of Hell,

“ *B——s W-th-rby is Queen!*”

This may appear to you an odd stile of Panegyric, but when I inform you, that *Vices* here are deem'd as *Virtues*, you can by no means be surprized.

After this *soft* Address, he immediately took her by the Hand, and led her in great State to the Gates of *Tartarus*.—*Bess* now and then, gave a Reel, which *Lucifer* perceiving, he was the more careful of her, thinking this indented Motion in her Gait, was owing to the Effects produced by Change of Air, or some such similar Cause.

She was then hoisted up into the Infernal Chariot of State, and *Lucifer* ordered the Charioteer to drive on as slow as possible, lest the Vehicle jolting, might occasion his intended Royal Consort to cascade. However, what with the Weight of herself, and that of her Crimes, the Machine broke down before they had proceeded a Hundred Yards; and, notwithstanding
 all

all possible Care was taken; the poor Queen was thrown clean out of her Seat upon the Ground; this Disaster was the Occasion of several others; she immediately precipitated *a Posteriori, et a Priori*, at the same Time; which occasioned such an intolerable Stench, that, instead of helping her up, they had enough to do to hold their Noses; some, almost suffocated, fell backwards: At length the Disorder became Epidemic, and every one was sufficiently employed in settling his own *necessary* Affairs. In short, the whole Place was in Confusion, and the Devil himself, was almost out of Countenance at the Misfortune that befell his intended Queen. However, with his own powerful Arm, he raised her Head from the Ground, and with the Assistance of several others, who had now recovered their Spirits, they, with much ado, got her upon her Feet. The unlucky Accident put an end to the Procession, for she was obliged to be hurried back, with all possible Speed, to the River *Styx*, where she was well souped over Head and Ears, before she could be any way fit to make her Appearance in Public. Her Indisposition

sition was owing to a large Quantity of Brandy and Madeira, which she had brought from t'other World, for fear she should faint before she came to her Journey's End: This she so intoxicated old *Charon* withal, that tho' he is an excellent old Soaker, she had fairly kick'd him up. On this Account he had been several Hours above his common Time in bringing her over.

The next Morning, News was brought that she was pretty well recovered; I was appointed by his Infernal Majesty to the Honour of one of her Bride-Maids, and was sent to inform her of the new Dignity to be conferred upon her. As soon as she saw me, "What, my dear *Betsy Wemyss*, says she, where the Devil am I? I was d—nably drunk last Night! I have had a hellish Bout of it lately! Where am I? and where have you been all this while? Been! why, here, in the Regions of *Lucifer*, which you are to be made Queen of.—Pooh now, says she, don't banter a Body.—I then acquainted her with my Orders from *Lucifer*, to bid her prepare herself for the Proceſſion; for that this

Day

Day was fixed for her Nuptials and Coronation ;—I entreated her to make all possible Speed.—D-mme, return'd she, if this don't make my Dream out ; let's have a Bumper of Brandy upon the Strength on't ; besides, I pick'd up a hellish Drunk a coming hither, and have got *such* a Know-ing and Sicknefs at my Stomach ! so here goes—this faying, we drank a hearty Bumper of Brandy to each other.

Soon after the Imperial *Lucifer*, attended by his infernal Nobility, came to wish her Joy of her new propos'd Honour ; poor *Beff*, at first, thought it was all Humbugg, and imagined, that, as she had been treated with so much Contempt on Earth, it was impossible she should meet with such great Respect and Honour in Hell.

When she found all was right, she was not a little puffed up at this sudden Vicissitude of Fortune.—She ogled his Royal Infernality, with Eyes of Satisfaction, and he returned her Glances with equal Approbation.—He then very fondly entreated her to get ready for the Celebration of their Nuptials, and, with *devilish*

much Politeness, scraped his cloven Foot, and retired.

As soon as he left the Apartment she cou'd no longer contain herself for Joy, but fell a capering and dancing about the Room like a Bedlamite, shaking her brawny Hips, and crying out, " I shall be Queen of Hell ! I shall be Queen of Hell !" that I thought the Devil had been *in* her. Ah, says she, what will old Joe say, when he comes here, by and by, and sees me at the Head of Affairs ; for, as soon as I am Queen, I'll be double damn'd if I don't make his Royal Devilship knock under ; I'll tip him such a Sef-sararo shall soon convince him he knew but little of D-mn-t--n till he knew me ! Hold your Jaw, replied I, you Fool, make none of your Resolutions yet : If *he* can't tame you, you are pretty sure *no-body* else can,—and if you fling *him*, you have got *no more* to fling :—So put as civil a Face upon the Matter as you can, till the Affair is over, and then play up with him as soon as you please. Tip me another Stomacher, says she, and then—she then tossed off a full
Gill

Gill of Coniac, to enable her to go thro' the Fatigue of so much Ceremony.

After much ado, in about two Hours *Bess* was furbished out in as much Splendour as Hell cou'd afford.—Her infernal Lord, with his Attendants, came again. Several little Fondnesses passed between this diabolical Couple, and *Bess* was all Softness and Languor.—He gaz'd upon her with Eyes of Fire; and, as he sat by her, play'd very gently with those graceful Wallops of Fat that adorned her Neck and Chin. Her protuberant Udders, which were now blown up to the best Advantage, (and looked like two large Bladders-full of *Scotch* Snuff) he now and then press'd, with a Countenance that bespoke uncommon Rapture.

The Carr of State stood ready to receive her Person, and, notwithstanding her cumbrous Load, she stepped in with unusual Activity. Such Effects do Causes of this Kind produce in the Constitutions of most Women; and, tho' the Transition be from a Man to a Devil, yet the Thoughts of a *new* Bedfellow puts aside all Inconveniency

or Deformity : Variety, the darling Passion of a Female Heart ! makes up for every Deficiency ; except, indeed, that grand one—the Want of Ability.

Thus seated, Cheek by Jowl, they passed on, amidst the Shouts and Acclamations of the whole Infernalixæ, till they came to the Place appointed for the Celebration of their Nuptials ; which is a spacious Building, equally large and elegant with *St. Paul's* at *London*, or *St. Peter's* at *Rome* ; but no Adoration being here paid to Saints, it was called the Temple of *Lucifer*.

The High-Priest was neither arrayed in White nor in Purple ; but in that true external Signature of most priestly Minds, Black.—He, with a Tribe of inferior Orders of Priests, came forward from the Altar to receive them, at the Porch, as soon as they descended from the Chariot. The Priest then drew nearer to them, and holding his Hands over both their Heads, denounced his Malediction—A mere Matter of Form, *Lucy*, which answers the same End with *us*, as the *****p's Blessing does with

with *you*—When they came to the Altar, the Priest, according to custom, ty'd them both by the Neck, and placed a Pair of Yokes of several hundred Weight upon their Shoulders, as an Emblem of that Load of Misery they were to bear, as well as to shew the Difficulty of destroying the Connection they were now making.—A very pretty matrimonial Ceremony truly, you'll say! I dare venture my Life, *Lucy*, you'd declare for hanging before you'd go thro' it, were it for the prettiest Fellow in *England*!

The Imperial Diadem was then brought and placed upon her Royal Brow, while the High Priest spoke the following Lines.

*May this Match attended be
With a num'rous Progeny ;
Such a Progeny, as well
May become the Queen of Hell !
Imps of every Degree,
Brightest Queen, shall spring from Thee !
Red-ey'd Harpies too shall spring
For the Honour of our King :
Furies too shall grace the Line,
While She, O, Lucifer, is Thine !*

Befs

Bess cou'dn't bear this, but broke out with a "Blast your old Muns—What d'ye mean—I bring forth Fiends!—I bear Imps!—I think I shall have enough to bear with the *Devil* here."—My dear, hold your Tongue, says *Lucifer*, frightened out of his Wits, it is only a Custom.—"A Custom, says she, I don't like it; and if the old Thief don't hold his Tongue I'll have him barbecued. Give me a Bottle of Madeira, I'll drink all the Liquor up, and fling the Bottle at his Head."—Pray, my Dear, replied he, dispense with the Form—"Damn your Forms! I tell you I'll have some Madeira." A large Bumper was then brought her, which she sucked down in a Moment, and *Lucifer*, as soon as she drew the Glass from her Mouth, laid hold of it for fear she should fling it at the Priest. Upon which, she fell aboard the poor Devil in such a Manner, that she made him shake the very Temple with his Roaring.—"There, you Dog, says she, that's only a Sample of your Purchase." *Lucifer* then remonstrated with her on her Unkindness, and by the Intercession of half a Dozen more Bumpers of Madeira, she was, in some measure, appeased.

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The remaining Part of the Ceremony is hardly worth mentioning ; however, they went thro' it with more Decorum than before ; for the Queen was so top-full of Liquor, that she was fallen fast asleep in her Coronation Chair.

She was in such a sound Slumber at the Conclusion of the Ceremony, that notwithstanding *Lucifer* roared so loud in her Ear, as even to tremulate the Foundation of the Building, yet she shewed no Sign of being the least disturbed with it ; but as *he* roared, *she* snoared.—What was to be done in this critical Juncture ! The chief Physicians belonging to his Majesty were sent for ; but so powerful was her Lethargy, that all their Skill proved abortive. At length, one of the most Sage and Learned of them all, after reiterating the Works of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*, happily thought of a Pinch of Snuff ; which Nostrum being properly applied to her Nostrils, stimulated the olfactory Nerves, and caused an immediate Sternutation.

She now began to revive ; inasmuch that they led her from her Chair to the Gate
of

of the Temple ; where, by proper Assistance, she was again mounted on the Seat of the Chariot Royal, and they proceeded to the Palace of *Lucifer*. In the mean while the infernal Choristers, attended by the royal Band of Hellish Musicians, performed the following Ode, set to Music by Signior *Firebrandissimo*, preceded by the six Bards who wrote it, deck'd in tatter'd Emblems of their Occupation.

O D E.

I.

Covent-Garden! *fam'd in Story,*
Ever ardent for our Glory !
To our Sov'reign has, at last,
Sent a noble, rich Repast.

II.

Tho', of Bawds and Strumpets Store,
It may boast a Thousand more,
What are they, compar'd to Thee,
Once so fam'd B-ss W--th-rby ?

III.

Who, like thee, can quaff the Bowl,
Or delight the drinking Soul ?
Who can half thy Merit boast,
At the Luscious Health, or Toast ?

IV.

IV.

*Who can tell the wanton Tale,
Or the letch'rous Ear regale?
Who, like Thee, the Cully smoak;
Or indulge the looser Joke?*

V.

*Thus, in Thee, our King shall find
All that can adorn the Mind;
He shall ten Times greater be,
By his Royal Choice of Thee.*

All this, poor B--fs, what with the Liquor she had drank, and the Fatigue she had gone thro', heard no more of, than you; but had sunk her head into the sooty Bosom of her lovely Amorofo, fast asleep.

They now stopp'd at the Gate of the Palace-royal; and, with some Difficulty, got her out of the Chariot. A splendid Banquet was provided in the Great Hall, and B--fs, after her Nap, came round again as fine as a Star; saving that common Complaint after a Debauch, the Want of Appetite.—Every Incentive was made use of to increase her Stomach; so that she was able to distinguish herself, as soon as Dinner came on, in a very eminent

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Manner,

Manner, and play'd as good a Knife and Fork as the best of them all. She gave the old Health, as usual, after Dinner, and crack'd two or three out o' the way Jokes, that set the Table in a Roar. *Lucifer* seem'd mighty well pleas'd with her Humour, and the more to shew his Fondness, ply'd her close with large Glasses of Madeira. She insisted upon his drinking Bumper for Bumper with her ; but he not being able to keep up with her at *this* Sport, was obliged, now and then, slyly to slip a Glass, or so, under the Table ; yet, notwithstanding all his Subtilty and Prudence, she fairly kick'd him *up*, as the saying is, and in a little while he fell *down* from his Seat upon the Floor. All the rest of the Company were likewise in such a Condition, that they were obliged to leave his Majesty in this drunken Situation.

His infernal Kingship was for several Days after much indisposed, and had not, as usual, appeared in Public ; owing, entirely, to his over-drinking on the nuptial Night. This Illness, no Doubt, was a great Hindrance in the Consummation of *those* Rites which are always *expected* on

on *such* Occasions.—Her Expectations, on this Account, were more than ordinarily sanguine; consequently, the Disappointment was insupportable: There was much Muttering and Grumbling about it for some Time, and at length it broke out into an open Rupture. Such a Rupture, that even our old Friend and Acquaintance the great Dr. * * *, though very eminent in the Rupture Way, is not capable of curing! By the by, *Lucy*, tell him he is a great Favourite of *Lucifer's*, who often toasts him, for his amiable litigious Disposition; and you may assure him, from me, that he will cut a great Figure here some Time or other.—But to return.—Within a Week after the Celebration of their Nuptials, *Bess* and her new Lord parted Beds: And in this Manner, Matters went on between them, till the Arrival of old *Josephus* himself. *Bess* was so highly rejoiced at the sight of her old Helpmate in Wickedness, that she went to *Lucifer* immediately, and play'd up such a Tune in his Ear about it, that he was soon glad to grant his Queen a Divorce; and the old Couple now live together as usual,

I hear, *Lucy*, by poor *Joe*, that my *Dicky*, of *Drury-Lane*, remains as rusty as ever; and that B***** is now quite re-form'd. He tells me, likewise, that you have play'd the Devil with a *Yard of Holland*, and that you are grown very fond of a *Bit of a B—ttm—k—r*.

Joe H—ghes, from the *Golden Cat*, is just arrived with a whole Budget of News; There are strange Innovations, he says, at his House; that the *Ben Johnson's* is almost knocked up in respect to nocturnal Riotings, and that *Bob Derry's* bears away the *belle* from all.—We are here as merry as the Place will allow of, and have just knock'd off a Dozen Bottles of the Old Stuff; and the last Bumper was to you, who are every Day expected (as indeed are *all* others of our Profession) with the greatest Impatience; but by none more, than by,

Dear LUCY,

Your old Friend and Crony,

ELIZABETH WEMYSS.



F I N I S.

